

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE

CAVE OF ST. SIDWELL.

(Continued from page 53.)

THIS was the state of my mind, my dear Rosa, when chance first threw you in my way a helpless infant. I cannot describe the various emotions of my mind at beholding your countenance, nor account for the extraordinary impulse which urged me to cherish you in my bosom; for know, dear girl, that but for me you would have perished in the forest, where you was left helpless and unprotected."—Here Rosa expressed her surprize, and the Count related every particular.—Rosa overcome with the sweet emotion of gratitude, flung herself into his arms, and wept on his bosom. Reginald thus proceeded: "For sixteen years you have been my comfort and consolation; judge then if I can now endure the idea of a separation; I love you, Rosa, beyond every earthly thing; I have beheld the dawning virtues of your heart with proud delight; I have neither deceit nor guile to dread from you, and if my sweet girl will bless me by devoting her future life to my care and affection, peace

and happiness may once more be the lot of Reginald." "My friend, my preserver! exclaimed Rosa "I am all your own, command me as you please; but pardon my apprehensions. Should the wretched woman, I will not call her your wife—should Julia even see me, would not she do some desperate act?—kill you perhaps." "Sweet innocent? replied Reginald fondly, "I will calm your apprehension by a proper explanation: dear as you were to my heart, I could not think of making you mine till every obstacle was removed. On this account I so lately repaired to Naples: I found my estates in good order, and the worthy Marquis ready and willing to restore them to me whenever I should make claim; from him I learned that Julia has long since ceased to exist, and has left behind her no pledge of our union. I need not tell you that I rejoice at this, as doubt and suspicion would have filled my mind, and perhaps have alleviated my affection from an innocent child. You will now be every thing to me, and by your kind decision, have spared me from the painful necessity of placing you in a convent for life." Reginald paused, and Rosa again expressed her willingness to accompany him to Naples. As soon as nightfall

screened them from observation, Reginald drew the arm of Rosa within his own, and conducted her safely to the cottage of the faithful Arnold, who received her with unfeigned pleasure; the young cottagers too were delighted with her being permitted to continue with them a few days, and the pallid countenance of the stranger lighted up with pleasure. Reginald threw off the reserve which had before been so chilling to the ingenuous ardor of the youth, and by revealing his own name and rank, afforded him an opportunity to act with equal candour. "Sincerely do I congratulate you, Count," said he, "on the happy change which seems to have taken place in your sentiments; a life of misanthropic seclusion is a manifest breach of the Divine will; and I trust you will, upon further acquaintance, do me the justice to believe that the happiness of your acquaintance, and if I may presume so far as to expect it, the honour of your friendship, will amply compensate for the loss of those advantages of which your restoration to society must necessarily deprive me." "I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning," said Reginald, gazing at him with surprise: "in what way can my return to the world affect your prospect in life?"—"You will not be long at a loss to understand my meaning," replied the youth, "when I inform you that I am Alphonso, the only son of the Marquis Veronia?" "Is it possible!" exclaimed the Count, sur-

veying the youth with a mixture of sensations which he could scarcely define; "do I behold in you the child of my beloved Adeline?" "It is true indeed," replied Alphonso, "and I hope you nor the amiable Rosa will be dissatisfied at the discovery." Rosa expressed her joy in the most unrestrained manner; but a frown clouded the brow of Reginald, though he embraced the youth with affection, and promised him his friendship. "Your father's noble disinterestedness is remembered by me with heart-felt gratitude," said he; "and if it is in my power to make any compensation for the deprivation of expected inheritance, be assured the will to serve you shall not be wanting; but I hope no such exertion can be necessary." Alphonso sighed.—"I am sorry," said he, "that my father's too liberal spirit has involved him in embarrassments of a most unpleasant nature. The commission that I hold renders me independent, but it would grieve my heart to see his latter days clouded by adversity; on this account only have I taken the liberty to speak to you in this unreserved manner, for I know the pride and delicacy of his nature too well to imagine, for a moment, that he would even make you acquainted with the real state of his circumstances." "I am greatly obliged to you for the information," said Reginald; "it shall not escape my memory." When the rest of the family were assembled to supper, the Count mingled familiarly

among them ; he exerted himself to be cheerful, yet a secret anxiety preyed on his spirits, and he cautiously watched every look and motion of Rosa.—When he retired to his comfortable though humble, chamber, he sought not repose, but pacing the floor with agitated steps, thus meditated within himself: “Am I doing right in endeavouring to attach this lively, artless girl to myself? have I a right thus to take advantage of that chance which threw her in my way, and confine her to duties of which, at present, she has no idea? I fear I do wrong—yet it shall be the whole study of my life to make her happy; to teach her to love me, and I have reason to believe it will be no difficult task. Yes, yes, Rosa must be mine; I feel I cannot exist without her.” Rosa, on her side, passed not a better night; a thousand new ideas floated in her imagination; busy fancy alternately presented to her her guardian and his nephew, and every comparison ended in favour of the latter.” The Count was finely formed and handsome, but his features were harsh and sometimes stern, while the more youthful charms of Alphonso suffered under no such disadvantage. Reginald was majestic—Alphonso graceful; the former possessed sense and spirit, but his temper was irritable, and his manners austere; while on the contrary the latter was unassuming, mild, and occasionally gay. This was a dangerous contrast for Reginald, and might have ended in

her total rejection of his proposals, had not the peculiar circumstances of their acquaintance given him a pre-eminence in her estimation which nothing could remove.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected for the *Lady's Miscellany*.

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THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER; OR, HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

THAT celebrated and sentimental tourist, Mr. Sterne, informs us, that “individuals travelling in a public vehicle imperceptibly form a greater intimacy with each other in the space of a few hours, than an occasional communication between them would produce in as many months;” but whether this opinion is correct or erroneous, remains to be proved. There doubtless is no rule without an exception; and as I am one of those creatures on whom fortune seldom smiles, I might have been peculiarly unfortunate in the heterogeneous mass of beings who assembled in the C——stage.

A desire of reading mankind, and making observations upon the diversity of characters, induced me to prefer a conveyance which contained six persons in the inside, to either of the Diligences or a post-coach. I had secured my

place according to custom, but the hackney-coachman whom I had engaged was rather beyond his time, and the vehicle was driving out of the inn-yard at the very moment I arrived.

"You have just nicked it, master," exclaimed the driver, hallooing to the hostler, to open the carriage-door; "the gentlefolks within were so devilishly impatient, that I was forced to set out."—Set out, indeed, thought I, upon seeing the door opened, but how am I to get in? for a female of Amazonian appearance was seated by the side of an equally corpulent man, and it required no small exertion of mechanical ingenuity to wedge myself between. But as I neither make mountains of mole-hills, or difficulties of trifles, I contrived to squeeze myself in, and was just going to apologize for passing the lady, when she exclaimed—"Ad rat it!—you've trod upon my corn!" in a voice so completely sonorous, that I could fancy at the present moment it reverberated upon my ears.

The apology which I had framed for having detained the company a few moments was now directed into another form, and in submissive accents I begged ten thousand pardons for the mischief I had unintentionally done. There are some ungracious spirits, whose asperity seems augmented in proportion to the civility and attention of those with whom they associate in life, and this appeared to be the case

with my charming companion, who, instead of being softened by my apology, acquired an additional portion of spleen, and not only attacked me for the injury her corns had suffered, but for my want of politeness, in having detained the stage.

It was a doubtful point with me for some moments, whether I should retaliate this piece of rudeness, or again hold out the olive-branch of peace; but as good-humour happily got the better of resentment, I told her I knew it was impossible for her long to be displeased.—"Those lovely dimples," said I, "my dear madam, convince me that your countenance is generally irradiated by a smile."

A deep drawn hum from the old gentleman, with a significant glance directed towards a young lady on the opposite side, convinced me that I had made an assertion which had but little foundation in truth: but so instantaneous was the effect of this compliment, that my companion actually began to draw in her cheeks, which were so inflated by fat that she might as well have attempted to produce a dimple on the back of her hand. The effort however was evidently not lost upon the young lady, who burst into a tittering laugh, which so completely disconcerted the elder one, that I began to fear a second compliment would scarcely restore her to good-humour again; yet the experiment was worth trying, and fortunately it was crowned with success.

As the young lady and myself were seated vis-a-vis, I endeavoured to accommodate her feet, which her aunt observing, desired her to have none of her forward airs, but keep her feet at a proper distance, and not let them interfere with mine.—“Lord have mercy upon me! if one goes out for a little pleasure, you are always so particular,” replied miss, “that I am sure one has no enjoyment; you quite forgets as how you was young yourself.”—“Pleasure indeed!” retorted a prim female, about forty, who hitherto had not articulated a word; “I should think, ma’am, there could be very little pleasure in travelling by a stage-coach; for my part, I would rather bear the greatest exertion than ever set my foot into these vulgar things; but one of my horses is ill, and I do not think it prudent for an unprotected woman to travel in a post-chaise.”

Gravity itself must have smiled at this declaration; therefore it was not wonderful that the risible faculties of a giggling girl should have been put into play; for, God knows, our timid companion might have travelled unmolested to the farthest extremity of the globe; for never was a figure so completely calculated to repel those gallantries she seemed to dread. Her skin resembled dried parchment stretched over a parcel of bones; her nose perhaps might have been Grecian, but it appeared to have received an unlucky blow, which

had so entirely flattened it, that it was scarcely perceptible in a profile; her eyes possessed one advantage, as each looked a different way; and her mouth—but where shall I find a comparison!—Reader, didst thou ever behold a young magpie gaping to receive sustenance?—if thou hast imagination may picture its shape!

The description of Pharaoh’s fat and lean kine was happily represented in the opposite forms of Mr. Mountain and Mrs. Thynne, which I afterwards understood were the names of my companions, each of whom seemed to view the other with reciprocal contempt. Mr. Mountain, who had observed a profound silence, now made the sagacious remark, “that he thought folks, who were above travelling in stages, had better walk on foot.” “No, demme! that would be more hazardous than a post-chaise,” exclaimed a young gentleman, whose fierce cocked-hat proclaimed him a son of Mars; “the lady would be picked up before she had walked twenty yards. By the gods, Sir, I speak feelingly; for if I was to meet such a divinity unprotected, I should not be able to resist that assemblage of charms!”

This assertion was followed by a loud laugh, in which both Mr. Mountain and Miss Sally joined. The lady told him, he was an impertinent puppy, and a disgrace to the profession to which he belonged. “Disgrace! my sweet charmer!” he repeated; “love and

glory, you know, are always combined.—What say you?" continued he, clapping me familiarly upon the shoulder; "are you not an advocate for women, glory, and wine?"

"I am an advocate for the former being always treated with politeness," I replied in a grave tone of voice; "for, though I admire wit, it must be genuine, and think the infirmities of nature are by no means fair subjects for ridicule or sport." My companion, it is true, had disgusted me by her affected delicacy, and I felt an inward presentment that she was either a duenna or a lady's maid; and as to the horses she had mentioned, I considered them merely a pair of shanks' nags. Still there was a crossièrete in the young fellow's conduct, which I thought demanded reproof; and I was not much better pleased with Miss Sally or her uncle, for joining in the laugh.

The coach at this moment drove into the Red Lion: the waiters ran, and the steps were brought; the captain instantly sprang out of the carriage, and left the ladies to shift for themselves. So completely was I wedged in between Mr. and Mrs. Mountain, that every effort of politeness must have proved vain; and I was forced to wait until one of their cumbrous bodies thought proper to move; and never did I feel the comfort of liberty so delightful, as at the moment I found myself able to stretch my limbs.

"Show the gentlefolks into the Sun," vociferated my landlady, in an authoritative tone of voice.—"Bring the hot rolls—carry in the coffee—Here, Tom—Harry,—what are you all about?" Mr. Mountain viewed the hot rolls with an eye of eagerness and satisfaction; but lifting up the upper side of each, his countenance became suddenly over-clouded, and he emphatically declared they were as dry as a chip. His helpmate, who seemed equally to relish the good things of this life, for once agreed in opinion with her spouse: a slice of butter was instantly ordered, and the rolls soon swam in grease, which reanimated Mountain's dejected features, and he commenced his attack with apparent glee. Unluckily, however, the oily liquid descended from his chin upon a new surtout, which misfortune was no sooner espied by his lady, than she condemned his greediness in the most pointed terms; and drawing a red-and-white handkerchief from her pocket, tucked it under his chin.

"Oh the delectable joys of matrimony! how enviable appeared to me this happy mortal's fate! to have had a red pocket-hankerchief tucked under my chin by a pair of hands like these of Mrs. Mountain's, I would have given more than worlds—I would have sacrificed my life!" The captain had seated himself by Miss Sally, and was officiously aiding her in making the tea; and as breakfast is a

meal for which I never feel a relish, I was at liberty to make my observations upon the circumstances which occurred, and soon discovered that the lady and gentleman had been acquainted long before their apparent accidental meeting in the coach. Of this circumstance neither the uncle nor aunt seemed to entertain the slightest suspicion, though notes passed under the table between them, whilst miss appeared occupied in making tea. In short, I am inclined to believe he might have embraced her without the intercourse of tenderness being seen; for the new-laid eggs, rich cream, and hot rolls, were too attractive for a single glance to be directed towards their niece.

My thoughts were imperceptibly drawn from this intriguing couple by a female figure, who had twice or thrice slowly passed the windows of the room. My eyes eagerly followed her footsteps, and I perceived that she entered the house. A sympathetic emotion suddenly seized me; she looked unhappy, and she claimed relief. I was in the very act of going in search of her, when the door opened, and she entered the room.

Distress was painted upon her expressive countenance: her lovely eyes were suffused in tears, and to prevent her trembling frame from falling, she was under the necessity of supporting it by the back of a chair. Every eye was instantly directed towards her; but, great God! what inhuman, what forbid-

ding eyes they were! for, instead of expressing pity and commiseration, they seemed to ask for what purpose she had introduced herself there.

(*To be continued.*)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 5.

THE LION.

It is a fact, established by the testimony of various writers, that the lion of the Cape prefers the flesh of a Hottentot to any other creature, and has frequently been known to single one out from a party of Dutch.

One of the Namaaqua Hottentots, who reside about eighty leagues north of the Cape, attempting to drive his master's cattle into a pond situated between two ridges of rock discovered a lion crouching in the middle of the pool. Terrified at this unexpected sight, he instantly took to his heels, and had sufficient presence of mind to run through the herd; under the idea, that if the lion should pursue, he would stop to the first beast that fell in his way: he was, however, mistaken. The lion darted through the herd, making directly after the Hottentot; who, perceived that the animal had singled him out, scrambled breathless and half dead with error, up one of the tree-lice, in the trunk of which, a few steps

had been cut, the more easily to come at some nests contained in the branches.

It should be observed, that these nests belonged to a species of small birds of the genus *Loxia*, which live in a state of society, and construct in one clump, and under one cover, a whole republic of nests, perhaps ten feet in diameter, and containing a population of several hundreds of individuals.

Under the cover of one of these clumps of nests the Hottentot concealed himself from the sight of his inexorable foe. At the moment of his ascending, the lion made a spring at him; but missing his aim, he walked in sullen silence round the tree, casting at times, a terrific look towards the poor Hottentot, who had crept behind the nests. The latter having long remained silent and motionless, ventured to peep out of his hiding-place, hoping his enemy had taken his departure: but to his no small astonishment and affright, his eyes met those of the animal, which, as he afterwards declared, flashed fire at him.

The lion then lay down at the foot of the tree, where he remained without stirring for twenty-four hours; but being then parched with thirst he went to a spring, at some distance, to drink. The Hottentot, seizing this opportunity, descended the tree with trepidation, and hastened with all possible expedition, to his home, not more

than a mile from the spot, where he arrived in safety. It afterwards appeared, that his enemy had returned to the tree, and finding that the man had escaped, had hunted him, by the scent, to within three hundred paces of the house.

LUXURY.

GIRALDUS Cambrensis, speaking of the monks of Saint Swithin, says, that they threw themselves prostrate at the feet of Henry II. and with many tears complained, that the Bishop, who was their abbot, had withdrawn from them three of their usual number of dishes. Henry, having made them acknowledge, that there still remained ten dishes, said, that he himself was contented, with three, and recommended to the Bishop to reduce them to that number.

A FEAST given by Trivultius to Lewis XII. of France, in the city of Milan, makes a figure in Italian history. No fewer than 1200 ladies were invited; and the Cardinals of Narbon, and St. Severin, with many other prelates, were among the dancers. After dancing followed the feast, to regulate which there were no fewer employed than one hundred and sixty master-households. Twelve hundred officers, in an uniform of velvet, or satin, carried the victuals, and served at the side-board.

Of old, there was much eating, with little variety. At present, there is great variety, with more

moderation. From a house-hold book of the Earl of Northumberland, in the reign of Henry VIII. it appears that his family, during winter, fed mostly on salt meat, and salt fish ; and with that view there was an appointment of 160 gallons of mustard. On flesh days, through the year, breakfast for my Lord and Lady, was a loaf of bread, two manchets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, half a chine of mutton, or a chine of beef, boiled :— On meagre days, a loaf of bread, two manchets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, a dish of butter, a piece of salt fish, or a dish of buttered eggs. During lent, a loaf of bread, two manchets, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, six baconed herrings, four white herrings, or a dish of sproits. There was as little variety in the other meals, except on festival days.

The above way of living, was at that time high luxury. A lady's waiting woman, at present, would never have done with grumbling at such a table.

We learn from the same book, that the Earl had but two cooks for dressing victuals to more than two hundred domestics. In those days, hen, chicken, capon, pigeon, plover, and partridge, were reckoned such delicacies, as to be prohibited, except at my Lord's table.

A CERTAIN poor woman having lost a little dog, understanding it to be in the possession of the lady of

Sir Thomas More, to whom it had been made a present of, she went to Sir Thomas, as he was sitting in the hall, and told him "that his lady withheld her dog from her." Sir Thomas immediately ordered his lady to be sent for, and the dog to be brought with her ; which Sir Thomas taking in his hands, caused his lady to stand at one end of the hall, and the poor woman at the other, and said, "that he sat there to do every one justice." He bid each of them call the dog, which when they did, the dog forsook the lady, and went to the poor woman. When Sir Thomas saw this, he bid his lady to be contented, for it was none of hers. But she repining at the sentence, the dog was purchased of the poor woman for a piece of gold, and so all parties were satisfied, every one smiling at the manner of his enquiring out the truth.

Copy of an Order sent by a Farmer's Wife to a Tradesman in town, for a scarlet cardinal.

Sir,

If you please to send me a scarlet cardinal, let it be full, it is for a large woman, they tell me I may have a large one and a handsome one for eleven shillings, I should not be willing to give more than twelve, but if you have any as long either duffel or cloth, if it comes cheaper I should like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve shillings ; I beg you, Sir, to be so good as not to fail sending me this cardinal on Wednesday

without fail, let it be full yard long, I beg, or else it will not do, fail not on Wednesday, and by so doing, you will oblige

Your humble servant, M. W.

P. S. I hope you will charge your lowest price, and if you please not to send me a duffel one, but cloth, full yard long and full, and please to send it to Mr. Field's the waterman, who comes to the Beehive, at Queenhithe; pray don't send me a duffel one, but cloth, I have altered my mind, I should not like it duffel, but cloth, let it be full yard long, and let it be cloth, for I don't like duffel; it must not be more than twelve shillings at most, one of the cheapest you have, and full yard long; send two both of a length, and both large ones full yard long, both of a price, they be both for one woman, they must be exactly alike for goodness and price, fail then not on Wednesday, and full yard long.

A GENTLEMAN, thinking he was charged too much by a porter for the delivery of a parcel, asked him what his name was? "My name," replied the man, "is the same as my father's." "And what is his name?" said the gentleman. "It is the same as mine." "Then what are both your names?" "Why they are both alike," answered the man again, and very deliberately walked off.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

BALLSTON SPRINGS.

AMONG the annual visitants of Ballston Springs I wish to distinguish

one, for no other reason than his being worthy of distinction. This place in the decline of summer comprises every variety of excellence. To drive away the languor of disease and invigorate the valetudinary man is not all it is able to perform: it can teach stupidity, and enliven dullness.

HARRY RATTLE though ill able to support the expenses of travelling determined to travel in splendour. He hired a curricule and a servant to attend him on horseback, and left the city on the 21st of August. Harry had resolved to keep a journal of his jaunt and record with minute accuracy and full amplitude every thing remarkable that occurred to him. At the most important places on the road he stopt to investigate the pedigrees of their noblest families, enquire into the antiquities of the country and ascertain their present state of natural and literary cultivation. It is always desirable to expand the mind in every direction, but this ambitious desire of penetrating the profundities of ancient times, or ascending the intellectual altitude of modern ages, I did not expect to discover in Rattle. A man will not journey far with these views without meeting difficulties. In the neighbourhood of Vander-Bergen flourished a family of the name of Rump, to whose original he vainly endeavoured to remount. After very particular enquiries among the existing members, he is not yet satisfied but concludes they must be someway connected with the Rump Parliament of Great Britain, in the time of Oliver Cromwell. Such was his ardour of curiosity that he has not hesitated to alarm worthy farmers at midnight and even positively to insist entering their houses for information. Strange narrations abound in his journal, narrations which he does not discredit merely because they are strange, for he has learned that this world is filled with wonders, and why the sun shines and the stars

twinkle he knows he cannot tell. For the sake of perfect authenticity I requested and have been honoured with an inspection of this journal, which I find replete with adventures and with wisdom, with frolick, merriment, and gave reflection. I perceive that he once affrighted the inhabitants of a village by ringing their church bell in the dead of the night, and confused their society by a ridiculous exchange of signs from one house to another; that he has often been unfortunate enough to overpower the hearts of rural nymphs and leave them in hopeless affliction.

Upon the arrival of Mr. Rattle at the Springs, he was appalled at the magnificence around him. He however courageously put up at the most fashionable house. Modesty he soon found was not the road to sublunary pre-eminence.... From wine, that gives vigour to the feeble and confidence to the timid, that inspires fecundity of wit and boldness of soul, he sought relief in this extremity. His success must be imputed to this prudent step and to the advantages which are enjoyed at Ballston by those who wish to contract intimacies with the great. The visitants are all accommodated at one table. Harry offered his services with such earnestness that it was impossible to refuse them, and kept himself indefatigably employed in carving the meats and transmitting the bottle. The company were overpowered by his complaisance. They could not withstand one who laboured so hard to please them. From the table he pursued the ladies with infinite devotion, listened to what they said with profound respect, bowed reverently low at every word addressed to him, and emulated the Knights of Chivalry in rhapsodical eulogiums of the fair. He was forever proposing to them jaunts of pleasure; he wished to variegate their felicity, by little excursions around the country, in which he promised them delight in con-

templating the romantic scenery of nature, the silver stream, the verdant plain, and the sun expiring beyond the distant hills. At balls he did not suffer himself to languish. From the lady who had a right to determine the dance, he took care with all speed to ascertain the tune, and with a voice sufficiently audible, notified the musicians from the middle of the floor. He neglected no opportunity of handing a lady across the room, or providing her refreshments in the intervals between the dances, he desired to be considered supremely at her command, and if employed on any service, transacted it with the composed gravity of one who is conscious of ability and desert.

By these means, Mr. Rattle extended his reputation throughout Ballston and its vicinity, which indeed, is equivalent to an extension from Nova-Scotia, to Florida. Whatever of fashionable celebrity sparkles through the intermediate space unites in a concentered blaze at this far-famed spot. In a frame of festive jocundity, he left the springs, elated with pride, filled with anticipations of future pleasure. So entirely was he engrossed in contemplating the delights which he had passed through, that his return to the city was marked by no inquisitive research, or depredatory violence. His only care was to record in his journal the events of this eventful period of his existence, a period which he pompously denominates the "Grand Epocha of his life, a period of transplantation from stupefaction and sterility, to rapture and exuberance of being." I shall excuse my journalist for this inflation of style, because he is young, and because he was happy, which are both sources of extravagance. Rattle is commencing the winter with rich prospects. He is omitted at no party, and missed wherever he is not. He riots at the feasts of the opulent, and prances among the amusements of the gay.

TIMOTHY RAMBLER.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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PREMIUMS

Proposed by a fashionable Society,

FOR

THE PROMOTION OF VICE.

TO the lady who shall produce the most fashionable morning-dress, of the least weight—A silver medal.

To the lady who shall produce the most fashionable, the most transparent, and the lightest evening dress—A gold medal.

To the lady who shall best succeed in out-staring a box-lobby loungee—A silver medal.

To the lady who can draw the greatest attention to a side box, by talking loudest in the midst of one of Cooper's best soliloquies. A silver medal.

To the lady who, at three-score years, can boast of more than three-score lovers—A silver medal.

To the lady who, after having attained her fifteenth year, cannot be content with less than fifteen lovers—A gold medal.

To every gentleman who can prove that he lives at the rate of a thousand a year, without any visible means of existence—A gold medal.

To every gentleman who is the cause of the most frequent disturbances in the lobbies at the theatre—A silver medal.

To every gentleman whose mistress is thrice his own age—A gold medal.

To every gentleman whose wife will swear he is the worst man living—A silver medal. N. B. As this class will doubtless be very numerous, the medals are to be silver pennies.

To every gentleman who has fought more than one duel—A silver medal.

To every gentleman who brings the most money from *Hærlém* races—A gold medal. N. B. Not to be allowed, if obtained by any *vulgar* method, such as a common bet without any *art* in it.

P. Sec.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE

"OLD WOMAN."

Those awful words, "till death do part,"
May well alarm the youthful heart ;
No after-thought when once a wife ;
The die is cast, and cast for life ;
Yet thousands venture every day,
As some base passion leads the way.

SOME of my readers will probably imagine, from the motto I have chosen, that I intend to pronounce a philippic against matrimony, and that my design is to hold it up to derision, or to convert it into an object of fear. Patience ! gentle reader ! I have no such intention ; but if I do counsel you to observe some degree of caution in forming connexions, from an exhibition of the failures which some

of my acquaintances have incurred for want of due consideration, I hope I shall be heard with indulgence, and my maxim recorded as the effusions of friendship.

I have long been in the habit, when any of my friends entered into the holy estate of wedlock, to examine impartially into the reasons which in my unprejudiced judgment led to an union of this solemn and durable nature ; and after noting them down briefly in a memorandum book, I have made some private anticipations as to the result of the connexion,—whether it would be happy or otherwise, whether the parties would jog on together through life in calm indifference, or whether their tempers, like oil and water, would prevent any lasting agreement ; or if like acids on limestone, they would effervesce till one sunk to the bottom, and the other lost all farther power of action.

In the conclusions I have drawn from my premises, where I was intimately acquainted with the parties, I have seldom been far wide from the truth ; and I think it may amuse, and I hope improve and instruct some of my young readers, to publish a few specimens of my private matrimonial histories. I have indeed disguised the names ; but the stories are unaltered.

ARTEMISIA was turned thirty years of age before she could catch an admirer, though several had es-

caped from her lures which were merely personal ;—as she was wholly destitute of education, in temper sullen, in manners unamiable, but capable of putting on a disguise before strangers, and of affecting good humour and liberality when she had nothing to displease or discompose her, and when the expressions of bounty did not touch her pocket. A young gentleman, wholly unacquainted with the world, and with her in particular, happened to fall in her way. Her affections had been too often tampered with to feel much regard for him, or any other person ; but she put on the semblance of attachment, and convinced him that she never entertained a real passion for any but himself. If all the times he had seen her, and been in her company before they were married, had been put together, they would not have amounted to a week. He was consequently ignorant of her genuine character ; but he had not been united to her a month, before it began to display itself in the most imperious and undutiful manner. As she was at least ten years older than her husband, she thought it gave her the privilege of ruling. To this he would not submit ; and after some years of angry altercation, they parted by mutual consent ;—the father retaining two boys whom he had by Artemisia, and the mother taking their only girl under her guidance and direction. Like all other vulgar minds, Artemisia never ceases to abuse,

her husband, though, fortunately for him, he does not now hear her tongue ! on his part he observes a becoming silence, having learned by experience. that people are rather laughed at than pitied, when they make the world the confidant of their private grievances and misfortunes.

MOPSA was reckoned a beauty. She was tolerably well educated, not ill connected, and besides, had a small fortune. But she was vain and ambitious ; and destitute of a heart ; time-serving, and arrogant by turns, as it best suited her purpose. Before she was twenty, she had, however, from her personal attractions, received some good offers, and having no predilections, she encouraged them all equally, particularly as neither were sufficient to gratify her views of aggrandizement. It was a maxim with her, that she would rather ride in a coach with a person old enough to be her grandfather, than walk on foot with the finest gentleman in England. On account of her family, she was introduced to the acquaintance of some grandees in her neighbourhood. At the house of one, was a gentleman about sixty five, who had just buried his second wife ; but who possessed the invaluable recommendation of an ample fortune, and a splendid equipage. He saw Mopsa, and loved, or rather fancied he loved. She too loved his estate, and his style of living. He was not long before he made his wishes known to her ;

and the lady, without reluctance, listened to his proposals. A large jointure, and a considerable annual sum in pin-money, were the price of Mopsa's person. These were secured with all the formalities of law. The widower received his bargain, and Mopsa, having gained all she wished, never thought about his credit or his happiness. Considering herself as elevated by fortune above vulgar censure, she was prudent and virtuous, only because it appeared dangerous to tempt her. But she soon became tired of living in the same house with her doctard, and she made his situation so completely disagreeable, that he was glad to consent to a partial separation. That is, when she lived in the country-house, he was to live in the town-house, and *vice versa*. Death soon relieved Mopsa from her conjugal engagements, and her husband from the torment of such a wife. She now married a gentleman who had sighed for her in vain when a virgin ; and he retaliated the ill usage he had personally received, and revenged the injuries she had done to her former husband. In proportion as she was ill treated, she became fond, and she died of a broken heart, because she discovered proofs of her husband's infidelity.

(To be Continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

A LADY of New-York, attracted by the candour of the author of the

advertisement extra which lately appeared in the Daily Advertiser, and believing her *fortune* to be equal to his wishes, is induced to overcome the reserve which foolish custom has enjoined upon her sex, and to offer herself to his attention. She thinks it prudent to follow the gentleman's example, by giving a description of herself, that an interview may not take place without every probability of success.— Her person is short and rather inclining to the *em bon point*; her eyes are a lively grey, but owing to an extreme delicacy of nerve, their vision is somewhat oblique; her nose which rises in a graceful curve, being their first object. In the size of her mouth, nature has been rather lavish, though it is, alas! no longer decorated by double rows of ivory, enclosed by ruby lips, nor perfum'd by the breath of roses; her age is twice twenty-one, her fortune as many thousands. Should the gentleman have any thing more in view than a *breakfast table jest*, a signification of his wishes through the medium of this paper, will procure him the necessary information for an introduction.

N. B. The colour of her hair is a bright red.

AT the court of the Khalif Arrashid; there was a fool named Bahalul; some of whose sayings have been preserved. He appears to have possessed vivacity, wit, and observation, and he was permitted to take every kind of licence

with the Khalif and his courtiers: 'I wish,' says Arrashid to him one day, 'you could procure me a list of all the fools in Bagdad.' 'That would be difficult, commander of the Faithful; but if you desire to know the wise men, that catalogue may soon be completed.'

MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. John Miller, to Miss Maria Ann Smeltzerin, both of this city.

Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. James Magee, merchant, to Miss Eliza Davis, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Joseph Price Haddock, to Mrs. Elizabeth Holland, both of this city.

DIED,

On Saturday morning last, after a lingering illness, Mr. William Richardson, late Lieut. in the United States army, aged 47 years.

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TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum.....payable *one in advance*.

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

POETRY.

MATILDA.

AH say, can proud pre-eminence or
wealth

Compel unstable happiness to last ?
Can beauty's charms, or blooming tint
of health,

Screen from affliction's desolating
blast ?

No ; stern misfortune, with impartial
hate,

Oft bows the humble and the lofty
head,

Strikes at the gilded palace of the great,
Nor spares the peasant's ivy-cover'd
shed.

How oft the blushing rose, the sweetest
flow'r

That ever grac'd the gardens with its
form,

Resigns its beauties in a luckless hour,
And falls the victim of the direful
storm !

Matilda once with happiness was blest,
And wing'd with pleasure, all her
moments flew ;

Corroding care had ne'er her mind op-
press'd,

No anxious pang her tender bosom
knew.

Stranger to ev'ry mean deceit and guile,
Fair innocence in all her looks was
seen ;

Simplicity appear'd in every smile,
And virgin-sweetness deck'd her love-
ly mein.

But ah ! this innocence, so void of art,
Prov'd, hapless maiden, but a bane-
ful snare ;

Too soon thou found'st what vices stain-
the heart,

What various forms curs'd flattery can
wear.

Young *Henry* saw *Matilda* and admir'd,
In *Friendship's* name oft visited her cot,
With winning fraud her breast with love
he fir'd,

Then basely lur'd her from the peace-
ful spot.

Here fled *Matilda's* joys ; for o'er her
mind

Grief spread her wing, and prey'd up-
on her frame ; (mankind,

Untaught to hear reproach, she shun'd
And sunk, oppress'd with infamy and
shame !

But now, fond maid, the transient scene
is o'er,

A scene replete with complicated woe ;
Affliction's pang shall rend that heart no
more,

Too finely form'd to bear the ruthless
blow.

For lock'd in death's inexorable chain,
No more shall calumny disturb thy
soul ; (pain,

The sullen grave protects thy heart from
And black despair resigns his stern
controul.

Still let the world with ignominy brand,
The silent dust supports *Matilda's* head,
And willows planted by the friendly hand
Now wave majestic o'er her grassy bed.

Ah, wretched victim to a villain's tale !
The hour will come when *Henry's*
breast shall sigh ;

When o'er his cheeks pale sickness
draws her veil,

Remorse will dim the lustre of his eye.

Remembrance painting thee when once
so fair, (bloom,

Array'd in innocence and youthful
Relentless anguish and confus'd despair
Will speed thy *Henry's* passage to the
tomb.

W. H.